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said to myself: 'Well, if I can make

anything out of those steers I'll give

up farming and nake a business of

breaking cattle.' How did I do it?

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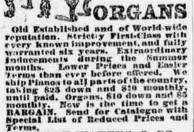
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Mother's Work

PART I.

Making the old like now; Shoe-strings to lace Faces to wash. Buttons to sew, And the like of such; Stockings to darn While the children pla

Stories to tell, Tears wipe away, Making them happy The livelong day; It is ever thus from morn till night. Who says that a mother's work is light.

> PART II. At evening, four Little forms in white; Prayers all said, And the last good-night Tucking them safe In each downy bed, Sitently asking, O'or each head, That the dear Pather In heaven will keep

Safe all my darlings, Awake or asleep. Lion I timek the old adage true over will prove 'It is easy to labor for those that we love." PART III.

Ah me! dear me! Loften say, As I hang the tumbled clothes away And the tear drops start, While my burdened hourt Aches for the mother seros; the way, Where, oh where are Her nestlings flown?

All, all are gone. Baye one aloun! Folded their garmenta With tenderest care, Unpressed the pillow And vacant the chair; No ribbons to tie, No faces to wash, No linie all away ; No merry voices To bush into rest; God gave them;

He took them. And he knoweth best; But ah, the heart anguish! the tears the fall! This mother's work is the hardest of all!

-Philadelphia Sunday Republic.

JENNIE'S MISSION.

"Oh, this dull round of small duties' how tired I am of them all. How I wish o me!" Jennie Orson, the pretty little school-

mistress, leaned her chin upon her hand as she mused in the above manner, and gazed out over the gray spring through the rapidly disappearing snowdrifts.

"Why, how the snow has gone today," sheadded mentally, as the changed | here on the bank, while I wade out to appearance of the fields struck her eye. Tod. I shall want you to take him It was the last day of March, and all winter long the snow had been heaped | safe. Some of the larger girls must rondsides, and on the fields and meadows. During the last week, warm weather had set in, making rapid in-

roads upon snow and ice. The children came running under the window where Jennie stood, playing at "Round the House!" Then they locked off together toward the brook that rippled by the school-house, a few rods distant. Jennie watched them absently. Her mind was not upon her duties that day. Her plodding round n a country school-room seemed very dull and mean to her. She sighed for

some great and lofty mission. "If I could do some one great act, seroic and noble," she said to herself, "I would be willing to die then. What is life worth if we must plod on forever like this? I am no more than an ant, live! How gladly would I give up the monotony of years of this routine for welcome death."

How she hated her homely life as she | cult. looked back over its nineteen uneventful years. She had always lived in this dull country place, ever since she was a wee child and her parents had emigrated ucation in this same little school-house, attended divine service there also-as the place boasted no church edifice-Now she was very tired of it alltired of her dull past, her duller present, her doubtlessly dull future. Even the thought of her fond, true lover, lack Kellog, who was building the house where she was to reign mistress, annoyed her to-day. How poor and monotonous life stretched before her. How much better to perform some one grand act and die, than to live on to ald age in this dreary fashion. It was upon Jennie, lifted her from her feet. a very romantic girl who stood there in the little school-room dreaming her discontented dreams, you see.

Suddenly she saw by the noon mark that it was time to call in her scholars. She had no bell-for this was in the early days of Wisconsin h story, before seemed so poor, and mean, and dull to the railroads had spread their great iron spider webs all over the state, and | -- and beautiful it became! She re-Jennie's school was conducted on a membered her rash wish, that she might very primitive plan. She took the begiven some one heroic act to pergreat ruler, with which she inflicted | form-and then die. That act had been punishment on the palms of unruly granted her, almost instantly, and she from an express train at a railroad boys, and rapped loudly on the window. had performed it heroically. But now erossing.

skelter, hurry, skurry, laughing, push- so sweet! ing each other and playing "tag" to their very benches.

"O, teacher, the creek is getting awful high," said Tommy Smith, as he appropriate in this case than teacher or pupil supposed.

"I suppose the snows are all melting all were. and running into it," she answered, absently, as she took her place at her desk, and by another tap of the ruler indicated that the afternoon session of school was now in order.

Then she ran her eye over the room to see that no pupils were missing. "Where is Tod Brown," she asked, "I do not see him here?"

Tod was the smallest child in the school; a little boy scarcely 5 years old, who was placed in her charge not so cried. "How dare you tell me such a much to learn his primer, as to keep him out of his mother's way. She was up and smile in my face before the burdened with two smaller than he besides a babe in the cradle. "I left Tod down by the creek," an-

swered Tommy Smith, "playin' throw pebbles into the water. I told him school was called." "You should have brought him along.

Tod is only a child," Je nnie said reprovingly. "But go and bring him now; and hurry, for your lesson in arithmetic comes on directly." Tommy came back in a brief space

of time, white and frightened.

"Tod is stannin' on a stone and ervin', and the water's all'round him." he said, "I couldn't get near him at all." The whole school rose en masse, and Jennie at the head of the small army

led on to the rescue of Tod. Yes, there he stood on a stone which a little time before had been on the Shore, but now, alas! was in the midst of the rapidly swelling stream, beyond the reach of anyone in that little group. "Mamma! mamma?" he called in

iteous tones, "Come and take Toll. Tod is 'fraid. Come, mamma, come!" Jennie looked over her little flock of pupils who crowded about her. Not one of them was large enough to wade some grand mission in life would come out and rescue Tod. The only boy in her school who might safely have attempted this, had remained at home that day to assist his father.

The water was rising higher every fields, whose dreary ploughed furrows | be done quickly, or the angry waves were thrusting their ragged faces up | would seize poor little Tod, and sweep him away down the swelling stream. "John," cried Jennie, speaking to the largest boy in the flock, "you stand

in miniature mountain ranges by the hold fast to your coat, so that you do not fall into the stream." Then Jennie drew her skirts about her slight figure and plunged bravely into the cold waters, sinking

from my arms as soon as I have him

almost to her waist at the first step. Slowly, slowly, she made her way toward the crying child, the waves rushing up higher over his feet every

moment. The little flock on the shore huddled together like frightened lambs, watching their teacher with wide, distended eves, and sobbing out their fear and terror, as she slowly forced her way

against the waves. Another effort, another plunge, and she had him in her arms. Then she this difference is evidently saline. tried to make her way back to shore, but the waters were growing more forious every moment, as if angered at or a spider, or a squirrel, with the life I the loss of their prey. They almost swept her from her feet-they dashed above her shoulder, and her little burone hour of sacrifice, heroism, and then | den screamed and struggled with terror, making her task tenfold more diffi-

"Just another step, teacher, and I'll catch hold of him," cried John from the shore, reaching out almost his whole length over the waters, while two solto the West. She had received her ed- bing girls held fast to the skirts of his

coat. It was an exciting scene, a wild mo. ment of suspense. Jennie's face was and her only knowledge of the world | white as chizeled marble; her long, black beyond was obtained by a yearly visit hair had fallen from its fastenings and to the city, fifty miles distant, where fleated back over the billows like a dark the family supplies were purchased, and | mantle; her eyes were large with fear. from a few books and newspapers, her mouth drawn with pain, and her slender form swayed as if her strength

were well nigh exhausted. With one last mighty effort she laid her burden in John's outstretched arms.

Tod was saved! A wild shout of joy and triumph rose rom the excited band on shere, and they flocked about the prostrate form of the almost inanimate child.

Just then a great wave swept down

just as she was about to grasp the shore,

and bore her rapidly down the stream

like a light piece of drift-wood. As she was whirled away the whole events of her past life rose before her; that life which only an hour before had her. Ah, now how precious and bright

Then she sat down and waited for the must she carry out the remainder of pupils to come trooping in; not with her thought, and die! Oh, death was so the regulation and order which governs | dark-so cold; the unknown seemed so school-rooms in these days, but helter, | terrible; she was so young, and life was

the half-completed house. Life with was in the city a day or two ago is him there, that an hour before hall probably entitled to the championseemed a dreary, monotonous waste, plunged into his seat. And Jennie did now shone upon her like the depart- to fame as traveling under was John not correct him for the improper use ing shores of some lost paradise. Oh, L. Wells, and he attracted the attenof "awful," which proved to be more to see his dear eyes smiling fondly upon her, once more to hear his voice; peculiar history. Wells is a professionlife, youth, love, how precious they al cripple, not of the variety who wear

> Then all grew blank, "Jack, Jack, I am so cold. O, God! save me -pity forgive," she cried, and then sank away into unconsciousness.

Two miles below the school-houst they found her tossed on shore with a years ago he brought suit against a lomass of drift-wood. Quite dead they pronounced her at first, and the old vil lage doctor confirmed the assertion.

But Jack Kellog would not listen to any of them. "She is not dead," he cruel thing. She is alive, and will look day passes."

They shook their heads and thought. the poor boy had gone mad, as he set to work over her. But they all lent a helping hand, and every restorative known to them was applied to the pallid figure of the young girl.

It was hours before they saw any signs of returning life. Then she drew a deep, quivering sigh, opened her eyes, and smiled, even as Jack had said she would, into his loving face bent anxiously above her.

"Is this heaven?" she asked in a whisper. "I thought I died!" "You went out clear to the very threshold of death," Jack answered as he clasped her in his arms, "but love was strong enough to bring you back,

dear." - - Ella Wheeler.

Potatoes in their Jackets. W. Mattieu Williams, in Popular icace Monthly, says: I must here throw myself into the great controversy of jackets or no jackets. Should potatoes be peeled before cooking, or should they be boiled in their jackets? I say most decidedly in jackets, and will state my reasons. From 53 to 56 per cent of the above-stated saline constituents of the potato is potash, and potash is an important constituent of blood-so important that in Norway where scurvy once prevailed very seriously, it has been banished since the introduction of the potato, and, according to Lang and other good authorities, it is owing to the use of this vegetable by a people who formerly were insufficiently supplied with saline

Potash salts are freely soluble in water, and I find that the water in which potatoes have been boiled contains potash, as may be proved by boiling it down to concentrate, then filter ing and adding the usual potato test

platinum chloride. It is evident that the skin of the potato must resist this passage of the potash into the water, though it may not fully prevent it. The bursting of the skin only occurs at quite the latter stage of the cookery. The greatest practical authorities on the potato, Irishmen, appear to be unanimous. do not remember to have seen a prepeeled potato in Ireland. I find that I can at once detect by the difference of flavor whether a potato has been boiled with or without its jacket, and

Table Talk. "Maria," asked Mr. Jones, as he relped himself to another slice of buttered toast at breakfast, "did you put on your boots this morning?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. J. with a liver and-bacon intonation to her voice, "Oh, nothing," said Jones, taking a econd baked potato, "only when I moved them this morning before you were up, a little mouse ran out-

+Oh-h-h-h! a-h-h-mercy goodnes

take 'em off! t-a-k-e 'e-m-o-ff!" shrieked Mrs. Jones, going into hysteries. "I wish you wouldn't interrupt me Maria," said Jones, severely. "A little use ran out from under the baseoard and ran back again, but sometime it might get into your boots, and

be hopelessly lost." "They never speak as they pass by,"

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Good for naught-the letter O.

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letter E.

The most welcome letter of all-the ne with an X in it. Always away from home-U and L Forever in bed-E. Always cross - X

Always in drink, but never intoxi

Den't try to take the right of way

ated K. Chicago Sun.

A PECULIAR SHARPER.

A Man Who Makes a Living Out Of all the means of gaining a liveli- their social position that they have lost Breaking His Leg. hood in the world, says the Kansas ship. The name he was last known tion of a Star reporter, who knew his Detroit, Mich., where a number of cal railroad for damages sustained in being ejected from the train, resulting, he claimed, in the breaking of his leg. The case seemed to be all straight, and the company compromised for \$2000 rather than stand the expense of a lawsuit. Some time afterward he fell on a bad spot on an Indianapolis (Ind.) pavement, again breaking his leg, and consideration rather than stand a suit which seemed certain to go against them. In 1881 he came to Leadville, Col., fell down, broke the much-suffering leg, and sued the city. Some waftings of his crookedness had reached the benighted camp, and it employrecord. Their investigations showed ning himself without even looking that he had, in different parts of the around. They are even more impassive country, broken his leg about twelve than the ulemas, or Koran readers. different times, dislocated his hip eight times, and hurt his spine twice, for all of which he received valuable considerations. However, there was

withdraw it. Leaving Leadville he went to Colorado Springs, Col., where he promptly hunted up a defective spot on one of the payements, and sustained a compound fracture of the right leg below the knee. His fame, however, had preceded him, and a vigilance committee called to interview him upon the matter and anoint him with tar and window and took to the tall timber on heard from again until the papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, a little less than two years ago, contained an account of one J. H. Wells falling in an open scuttlehole on Vine street and sustaining a cruel fracture of his leg. Shortly after the court proceedings published included reference to a suit entitled West vs. the city of Cincinnati, and claiming \$10,000 damages. Again his peculiar history was ventilated and again he made so good a showing, despite the obvious fact that he was a swindler that the city was glad to compromise upon the basis of \$800. If he has practiced his peculiar profession since, he has not been heard from in this section of the country, but his good clothes and well-fed look conveyed the impression that there was more or less suffering among corpora-

tions elsewhere. Wells is a perfect martyr in his cause, and will lay patiently on a sweltering summer day with his leg enveloped in plaster of paris bandages, waiting for the city to come to time. In dislocations of the hip he is said to be great, and his evident agony is guaranthe first view of a beaver's house. Inteed to move the hardest hearted of committeemen. Wells has a rather attractive little wife, who helps him out materially in his business, and generally appears on the ragged edge of starvation on account of the accident. Taking all in all, it is doubtful if the country contains another pair of

such unique and clever sharpers. Turkish Traits.

Coffee drinking is a grave matter with a Mohammedan, and he takes his pleasure sadly, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle from Constantinople. He will sit for hours without speaking a word, and, in general, it is easier to get a Missourian down off of a fence than to wake a Turk on such occasions into animation. A dog fight, perhaps, will fetch him quicker than anything else. But he is subject to such sudden and immediate relapses that the dogs are losing interest, and will not fight without personal provocation. They are a blessing to the Turks, these dogs. They are not only useful to them as scavengers for their cities, but afford them their greatest amusement, and supply by their presence, a constant object for religious veneration, for they do vener. ate them. If a Mohammedan gets very drunk and wants to run amuck, and is afraid to go out and kill a man for fear of the after consequence, when he gets to feeling real nice and mur. derous he takes his knife and sticks it recklessly into the first dog he meets; if he is real murderous he kills two. and so great is the respect for the canines that he gets more reputation as a "bad man" out of this proceeding than if he had killed four or five mere Mohammedans. A pasha ranks nearly up to a dog in point of secular re, speet, but the dog holds over him in religious sanctity. The dog has the right of way in the public streets, and

the sensitiveness one expects from the She thought of Jack, her lover, and City Star, that of an individual who race in civilization. One day in the fish market a greasy, yellow fellow walked into a stall and selected a good sized fish while the vender's back was turned, hauled it down and began licking it preparatory to making a meal. A Turk never allows his religion to drop into matters of loss and gain, and the owner of the fish sacriligiously

a placard and hold a hat in their laps interfered with a club. A civilized at corners, but a more enterprising dog would have taken the hint and person altogether, who makes a good departed, but this canine saint had too living blood-sucking corporations and much respect for his cloth. Relying cities. He first attracted attention in on his sanctity, at the first blow he sat down on the pavement by the fish and lifted up his voice to heaven in a howl. He shivered and squirmed and wrinkled his skin as the blows grew more persuasive, but it was some min. utes before he was convinced that the affair was not a joke; and that he really was not wanted. It is the foreigners who abuse them most. It is hard for the city compromised for a respectable to give room. But they return good for evil, and, at the most, do little more than howl. They never move certainly. I kicked one that was sitting on the pavement so hard behind that he tilted clear over and struck on his nose. He did not pay any attention or make a sound. He just tilted back ed detectives to look up the man's into his old position and went on sun-

nothing besides this to invalidate his do not move down in one block, but one next to him, so he can look after claim, and they gave him \$600 to feathers, whereupon he leaped out a ice; one is that it is a true viscosity, wood. A good yoke costs about \$5 and the other that it is produced by the Farmers used to whittle them out in his maimed member. He was not effect of pressure in lowering the freez-slack times during the Winter, but the ice is subjected to great pressure it melts. The water then yields to the

stead of the symmetrical, round, plas-

Making Money Fast.

Croquet is a for lawn game

I have seen a heavy pack train turn aside for one lying asleep on the cobbles. So fully assured are they of on the off or right side and which on the nigh. The driver walks on the nigh or left side, and if there is any difference in the size of the animals he wants the one furthest from him to

Curious Property of Ice.

Under certain circumstances ice does be the highest, so he can reach him not behave as a solid, but as a viscous | with the gad over the back of the night fluid, like very thick treacle. Glaciers animal. Then he wants the frisklest flow, accommodating themselves to the him. varying width of their channel. Prof. Tyndall planted a row of sticks in a of the cattle the yoke comes into play straight line across a glacier, and after | The yoke, you see is in three pieces. a few days the line had become a cres. The bar which runs across the neck cent, with a concavity upward, show- is the yoke proper, I suppose, but the ing that the middle of the glacier whole thing is lealled the yoke. The moved faster than the sides, just as in bows run around under the throats of a river the stream is stronger in the the cattle and are made fast by a pin center. Two theories have been put in the bar. The bows are made of forward to account for the viscosity of oak or hickory and the bar of basse

ing point of water, so that whenever pressure, and instantly re-freezes in its A striking experiment illustrates this. A block of ice being laid across the back of two chairs, a fine iron wire is put over it, to which is hung a heavy weight. In a short time the wire passes completely through the ice, and allows the weight to fall, while the ice is not broken, nor is a mark visible where the wire has passed through. The explanation of this is that the pressure of the wire melts the ice immediately below it. The water is dis-

placed by the wire and fills the space above it, where the pressure being removed it instantly re-freezes. The viscosity of ice can be shown by cutting a long, thin slab of ice, and supporting it on two chairs, when it will, even in a temperature below freezing, gradually end with its own weight.

The Beaver's House. One is usually disappointed with

tered dome we are led to expect from most popular accounts, there is seen instead an irregular pile of sticks, mingled with rushes, grass, and stones, broad at the base as compared with the height, and of the same general order of architecture as the dam. Apparently devoid of system, it resembles nothing so much as a gigantic crow's nest turned upside down by the border of a pond or stream. And yet, though they are not plastered smoothly, and the interior exhibits but rough walls merely evened by cutting close the twigs that project through the building (the whole affair apparently conceived and put together in a helter-skelter fashion), they are very compact, exhibiting both solidity and firmness, and are well adapted to warmth and protection. Each dwelling consists of but one apartment, and this opens by a short incline beneath the surface of the water into a channel dredged to sufficient depth to avoid being blocked by ice in winter. It is easy to determine whether a dwelling is in present occupation by the appearance of the trails over which the beaver drags his supplies from the wood; by the freshly-peeled sticks, the bark of which has served for food, and which are invariably heaped up upon the house itself; and in winter by the melting snow on the roof caused by the exhalations from the occupants .-Popular Science Monthly.

A young man sent fifty cents to a New York advertiser to learn "how to make money fast," and was advised in reply to glue a five-dellar greenback to the bottom of his trunk.

Having neither greenback nor trunk, he is still unable to make money fast, .-Norristown Herald.

Well I'll be hanged if I know. A little physical suasion and a good deal of coaxing. Brush the dirt off that stump and sit down and I'll tell you omething about oxen. "The first thing is your breed. Now if you would keep a Durham down you'd get a good ox, but Durhams grow too stocky. Fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds is about as heavy as an ox ought to run, but a Durham will go up into 2,000 pounds without effort. Holsteines are open to the same objection. Alderneys, Ayrshires, and Jerseys are too light, even if they were not to valuable. Common natives make the best oxen. The animal is called a steer till it gets to be 2 or 3 years old. Then it's an ox. The breaking in of a Spring steer begins the following Fall. I tell you a calf 6 or 8 months old is a frisky thing as a rule, and don't you forget it. But they soon come to time. The first thing to do is to learn the animal to mind the gal. Get him quiete I down and then strike him lightly on the dank, and he'll go ahead. Strike him on the nose, and he'll at first turn to one side; but if you work at him a little while a Christian not to kick a dog when it he'll learn that a tap on the nose means takes up the road and makes no effort to back up. When you'v taught him to back you must teach him to haw or 'gee '-that is, turn to the left of right. This training usually includes two animals which you propose to yoke together, and they are as near the same size and disposition as you can get them. Disposition and size have to be taken into consideration in deciding which animal you will place

> "In trying to find out the disposition nachinery does the work now.

"When you first put a yoke on & pair of steers it scares them, but they soon get used to it. Then you train them around the barnyard or up and down the road. Touch the off animal on the off side and he'll come around toward you-that is, swing around to the left or haw. The nigh animar may feel the off one coming around and come with him, or you may have to tap him on the nose. He backs and that brings him around. To 'gee' a voke, or swing them off to she right! ou go through the same maneuvre. carting off of course with the night animal. Simple enough it seems, doesn't it? But it takes weeks and

norths to break a voke of oxen. "You can begin breaking steers when they are 6 or 8 months old, but they are not fit to use much till they are 2 or 3 years old. While you're breaking them you can use them for light work around the yard or for bringing up a snag of wood, but heavy

work is liable to injure them." "In what way are exen superior to

horses?" "Well they cost less to keep and for some kinds of work they are alogether better. On rough ground, where a horse would be in danger of breaking its legs, an ox is all right, and for log. ging they can't be beat. A good yoke of oxen-that is, a yoke well broken and neither to large or too small-is worth \$150."-New York Times.

Hurrah.

In an article on curious interjections the London Standard says; "Hurrah!" is another interjection that had a powerful significance. It was an appear to the god Thor, and was derived from the words "tur aie," or "thor aid." Ut, tering this battle cry believers of the god dashed upon their foes. Little does the young lady who eries "hurrah!" to celebrate some such little triumph as the return or failure to return a ball at lawn tennis, know that she is invoking the aid of a mighty divinity and proclaiming herself to be a

Looking For a Lever.

"I say," said a railroad brakeman, running into a depot restaurant, "the forward trucks of my car have slipned off the rads. Have you got a piece. of iron anywhere about that we could use for a lever?"

"I don't believe I have," answered the proprietor. "What is this?" asked the brakes

man, trying to lift something from the

counter.

"That's sponge cake." "Well, I guess it will do if it isn't too brittle. I will bring it back in a minute,"-Philadelphia Call.

Moose are said to be increasing in Maine under the new game law, and it is not unusual to see them in droves about the large lakes.